

ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

Charles Alexander, Editor

Vol. 1

Boston, Mass., May 15, 1905

No. 1

Missionary Work and African Education

FROM THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

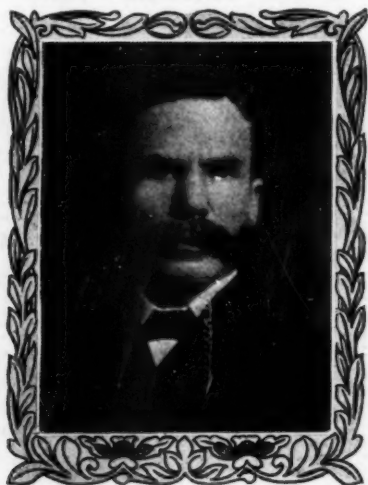


MYSTERY becomes opportunity. Mr. Mott's book, "The Pastor and Modern Missions," contains the following summary: "One hundred years ago Africa was a coast line only. Even one generation ago, when Stanley emerged from that continent with the latest news of Livingstone, nine tenths of inner Africa remained unexplored. More than 600 white men have given their lives to explore this one continent. Now, however, H. R. Mill, D. Sc., formerly librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, can well say, 'The last quarter of the nineteenth century has filled the map of Africa with authentic topographic details, and left few blanks of any size.' Bishop Hartzell says: 'Yesterday Africa was the continent of history, of mystery, and of tragedy; today it is the continent of opportunity.' When Stanley, starting in 1874, made his journey of 999 days

across Africa, in the course of 7,000 miles he never met a Christian. There was not a mission station, or church, or school on all that track. Now the chain of missions is almost complete from Mombasa to the mouth of the Congo, and there are scattered through inner Africa hundreds of churches and Christian schools and over 100,000 native Christians."

"Three distinct Africas are known to the modern world—North Africa, where men go for health; South Africa, where they go for money; and Central Africa, where they go for adventure. The first, the old Africa of Augustine and Carthage, every one knows from history; the geography of second, the Africa of the Zulu and the diamond, has been taught us by two universal educators, war and the stock exchange; but our knowledge of the third, the Africa of Livingstone and Stanley, is still fitly symbolized by the vacant look upon our maps which tells how long this mysterious land has kept its secret." So said Henry Drummond in "Tropical Africa" in 1888; the mystery is now revealed; we see an open door for the gospel of love, light and life.

The African work of our Missionary Union is in the Congo Free State. The mission was adopted by us in 1884. There are now 8 stations; 31 missionaries and were last year 306 native helpers; 13 churches with 3,3692 members; 135 schools, with 4,456 pupils.



REV. HENRY RICHARDS

Who says that the next 25 years will surely determine what Central Africa is to be. Considering what has been done in Uganda and Congo land, we ought fully to expect that the gospel tree will have so grown that its branches with healing leaves will overshadow the whole land.



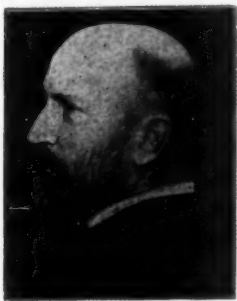
WORK OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE

*Told at the 35th Anniversary Exercises
of that Splendid Seat of Learning*

By E. Jay Ess

WRITTEN FOR ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

Hampton Institute, Va., May 3rd, 1905.—This has been anniversary week at Hampton Institute. The spirit of Armstrong—the courageous and strong—has been all about and in everything. The famous Ogden Party headed by Dr. Robert C. Ogden, trustee of Hampton and of Tuskegee, has been in attendance and has given to the occasion an importance of overwhelming interest.



DR. H. B. FRISSELL

First of all the weather has been perfect. Everything whether of exhibit or address has been in perfect good taste and the 35th anniversary exercises have been voted the most successful in the history of the school—made so in large part because of the presence upon Hampton's grounds of her

most famous and eloquent son, Dr. Booker T. Washington, who delivered the principal address upon both days—"Virginia Day," May 2, when nearly 300 White Virginians from Richmond attended in a body—and upon Wednesday, May 3, when the anniversary exercises proper were held. He has been lionized wherever he has gone and has been as cordially sought after by banker, prelate, educator and what not, as by those who are students or have been students of Hampton.

A report of Tuesday's exercises may be interesting:

The spacious room was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. The exercises were of an exceptionally interesting character, the opening service being followed by plantation songs from the chorus of Negro and Indian students of the school. J. Enoch Blanton, a member of the class of 1905 in agriculture, read an essay on "Changed Ideas of Farming." Francis E. Bolling, a graduate of the class of 1905, in domestic science spoke of "What Hampton Has Meant to Me," paying a glowing tribute to his Alma Mater. Dr. John Graham Brooks of Harvard University, spoke on the "Fruits of Hampton." He said that as the race problem is probably the hardest with which the world has to deal, and one of which we are the most profoundly ignorant, he would avoid the big and keep near the little. "One of the truest things about Hampton," he said, "is that she is finding

out her own business, the real business of Hampton is to learn how a race can be disciplined into independence and how success is to be won. In this Hampton succeeds admirably.

Dr. Booker T. Washington of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute was then introduced and received a splendid ovation. After Doctor Washington's address, President Boatwright of Richmond College spoke on "The Educational Problem," in which he paid a glowing tribute to the

women of the several academic and industrial departments. Of these 13 were awarded to post-graduates, 23 to members of the senior class, and 45 trade certificates to those who had finished trades. After this ceremony Dr. Booker T. Washington again spoke. He said in part:

"When I was a student at this institution I was taught that Ponce de Leon spent years in search of a fountain of perpetual youth. In my opinion there is no spot in America where



HUNTINGTON MEMORIAL LIBRARY

work of the Hampton Institute. Dr. R. E. Blackwell of Randolph-Macon College followed and spoke of the misgiving with which Southern men approach the problem of education, and expressed the opinion that if respect and co-operation between the races is to be restored, it must be through such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee. Dr. Robert C. Ogden made a few remarks in which he gave a hearty welcome to the guests present. He also paid a very high tribute to Doctor Frissell, whom he said, was the real founder of the Conference for Education in the South. He briefly reviewed the work in the institution and spoke of the American fellowship existing between Massachusetts and Virginia, of Boston and Richmond which binds the hearts of all together.

On Wednesday representatives of the several classes spoke most acceptably after which Dr. Robert C. Ogden, president of the Hampton board of trustees, presented the diplomas and trade certificates to the young men and

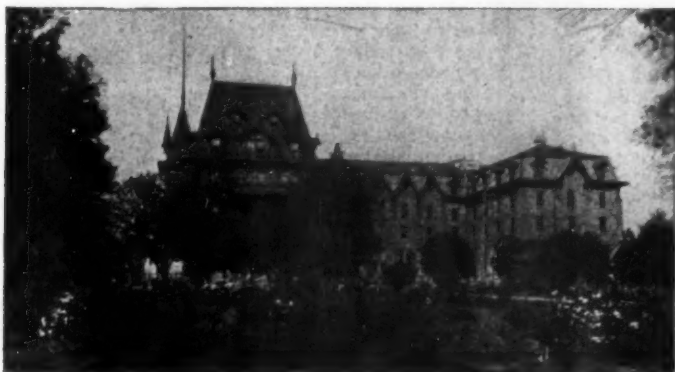
one can more nearly renew his youth and strengthen his faith in the wisdom and perpetuity of our institutions than at Hampton.

"To the students who are to go out from the Hampton institute today to begin what I hope are to be careers of usefulness, I wish to say: I hope that you will learn to be even tempered, self-controlled and hopeful. You will find many conditions that will try your soul, but the test of Hampton's training will be shown by the ability with which you are able to choose the fundamental things in life and stick to them and not become discouraged because of the temporary and non-essential. The great thing is for you to conduct yourselves so as to become worthy of the privileges of an American citizen and these privileges will come. I hope you will not yield to the temptation of becoming grumblers and whiners, but will hold up your head and march bravely forward, meeting manfully and sensibly all the problems that may confront you. Place

emphasis upon your opportunities rather than upon your disadvantages; place emphasis upon achievement rather than upon the injustices to which you will be subjected. As you go out into the world you may expect rebuffs, sometimes insults, opposition, injustice. You will meet with race prejudice in many forms, but if you are true to Hampton and its traditions you will meet and overcome all of these conditions with a calm and patient spirit.

that gets most out of the soil, out of the wood, out of the kitchen, out of the school room, the doctor's office or the pulpit, is the race that is going to succeed regardless of all obstacles."

The signal tribute to Dr. Frissell was received with every manifestation of pride on the part of the students and alumni, and of gratification upon the part of Dr. Frissell himself, the board of trustees and the distinguished visitors present. Some of those who have been here as members of Mr.



VIRGINIA AND CLEVELAND HALLS

"No one can degrade you; you, yourselves, are the only individuals who can inflict that punishment. I hope that you will pursue the policy of making yourself so indispensably useful in every community into which you go that the members of that community, black and white, will feel that they cannot dispense with your services. The race that goes quietly and contentedly on doing things day by day will reap its reward. It often requires more courage to suffer in silence than to retaliate; more courage not to strike back than to strike; more courage to be silent than to speak. We, must not permit ourselves to harbor the belief that our friends among the white people in the south are disappearing. If we pursue the sensible and conservative course, the number of such friends will multiply. There are great opportunities for us here in the south in education, industry, business and the professions. The race

Ogden's party and as guests of Hampton and friends of Negro Education—many of whom have spoken during the two days stay—are: Dr. John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. Wallace Buttrick, executive secretary of the General Education Board, New York; Mr. E. H. Clement, editor Evening Transcript, Boston; Dr. A. S. Draper, State Committee of Education, New York; Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, Boston; Mr. Frederick T. Gates, confidential secretary to Mr. John D. Rockefeller; Hon. Seth Low, New York; Dr. St. Clair McKelway of the Brooklyn Eagle; Mr. W. R. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.; Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. F. G. Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Geo. Foster Peabody, New York and a great number of others—some 95 in all—many with their wives.

A great number of prominent Colored persons have also been present,

including Hon. Harry S. Cummings of Baltimore; Rev. M. J. Naylor of Baltimore; Mr. Emmett J. Scott, secretary

to Dr. Booker T. Washington and many others.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL, HAMPTON INSTITUTE

SOCIALISM AND THE NEGRO.

By Reverdy C. Ransom.

What do the Socialists propose to do with the Negro question? One says, he is willing to treat a black man as he would a white man; that is, when Socialism is fully established. Another tells us, he has never considered the subject, besides he is too busy considering the question of "class consciousness." The Socialistic cult in this country, under whatever



REV. R. C. RANSOM, D. D.

name it may act, is bound to consider the Negro and the questions growing out of his presence here. Nine million people cannot be ignored. They are the storm centre for the exhibition of vigorous racial prejudices and animosities.

Mr. Eraste Vidrine, a socialistic organizer in the Southern states, in the *International Socialist Review* for January, says: "The socialist organizations are restricted to whites, who refuse admission to Negroes." This is God's world and not a devil's world.

Of all the numerous attempts through the ages to read the teachings of Jesus into widely differing schools of thought, that of socialism is nearest.

Karl Marx is the high priest of modern socialism, and Joseph Mazzini, Count Tolstoi, and Henry George are of the same company. It will take years for the ruling ideas of the present age to spend themselves. New England is conservative. Precedent, custom, the old-established order of things, hold sway. In the west, it is different. The immense distances of her prairies, and the lofty altitudes of her mountains are congenial soil for the growing of great ideas.

Theories, economic, populist, socialistic, coming out of the west, strike the staid people of the east as being quite grotesque. But it must ever be that true prophets and reformers are made out of cranks and heretics.

With those who advocate the Negroes, forced elimination or self-effacement from politics, we have nothing but uncompromising dissent.

The obsequious, cringing, sycophantic man, with his hat under his arm, is only a thing to be despised. To be a man, one must stand erect, and contend for the recognition of all that belongs to a man. The Democratic party does not seek the Negro; the Republican party uses him, but has small use for him, in the paths that lead to honor and to power.

Those who falsely picture the Negro as indolent, shiftless, lazy, are one with those who seek to keep him in a condition of social, political and economic inferiority. The Negro is industrious and aspiring and is seeking to mount each round in the ladder of moral, social, industrial and political strength and progress.

Seventy percent of our women are wage-workers, with the overwhelming majority of our men. Organized labor may discriminate, but there can be no permanent advance while one-eighth of our population is ignored.

The program of socialism is begirt with the spirit of righteousness and seeks to establish itself on the foundations of justice. Sooner or later, in the affairs of men, there must come a levelling process. The Negro needs to take a broader outlook and a larger view of himself in relation to his surroundings.

Within the present century the mightiest battle of all the ages will be fought right here in the United States. It will be that of the people coming into their own. I have used the term socialism loosely; but I mean what Chicago meant when it voted to own its street railways; I mean what Kansas meant when it sought to establish its own oil refineries; I mean the spirit of what Edward Bellamy said in his "Looking Backward," I mean in fine, that the wheels and spindles, the wealth of the bowels of the earth, and the produce of the soil shall be justly shared by the pro-

ducers. The Negro's cue for all time to come, is to preach brotherhood and to practice it. He or some other race, whom God shall choose, has it in his power to more mightily enrich the world than did Egyptian or Jew, Greek, Roman, or Anglo-Saxon, this by consecrating himself to a mission of unselfishness, to war against social, political and economic inequalities, and for a bringing in of the realization of the brotherhood of man.

New Bedford, Mass.

BUSINESS RULES.

In Andrew Carnegie's "Empire of Business" he sets down the prime conditions of success as they appear to him. Above all, he says, a young man should concentrate his energy, thought and capital exclusively on the business which he has adopted. If he has begun on one line, he should fight it out on that line.

The concerns which fail are those which have scattered their capital, which means that they have scattered their brains also. They have investments in this, or that, or the other, here, there and everywhere. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is all wrong. I tell you "Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket." Look round you and take notice; men who do that do not often fail. It is easy to watch and carry the one basket. It is trying to carry too many baskets that breaks most eggs in this country. He who carries three baskets must put one on his head, which is apt to tumble and trip him up. One fault of the American business man is lack of concentration.

To summarize what I have said: Aim for the highest; never enter a barroom; do not touch liquor, or if at all, only at meals; never speculate; never indorse beyond your surplus cash fund; make the firm's interests yours; break orders always to save owners; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket.

OF INTEREST TO WAITERS.

Said the man about town as he pushed a coin across the table and poked several bank notes into his vest

pocket: "Have you ever seen a waiter who stands in with the cashier in a fashionable hotel, cafe or ratskeller dress up his change as you'd dress a window, so that you're tempted to tip him? No matter what denomination you pay in, between them they'll always make one bill look as if it had been broken up with dynamite. If your check calls for half a dollar you never get half a dollar back from a dollar. There'll be a quarter and two 10-cent pieces and a nickel. If you're generous you won't pick up the quarter; if you're kind of stingy you'll leave a dime, and you'll pass over the nickel anyway, even if you're tighter than a tight shoe."

"Let me ask you a harder one," replied the man addressed. "Have you ever seen a waiter who didn't stand in with the cashier in a fashionable hotel, cafe or ratskeller?"

WITH OUR THINKERS

"I believe that any man's life will be filled with constant unexpected encouragements if he makes up his mind to do his level best each day of his life—that is, tries to make each day reach as nearly as possible the high-water mark of pure, unselfish useful living."—Booker T. Washington.

"The ability to live and thrive under adverse circumstances is the surest guarantee of the future. The race which at the last shall inherit the earth will be the race which remains longest upon it. The Negro was here before the Anglo-Saxon was evolved, and his thick lips and heavy-lidded eyes looked out from the inscrutable Sphinx cross the sands of Egypt while yet the ancestors of those who now oppress him were living in caves, practicing human sacrifices, and painting themselves with woad—and the Negro is here yet."—Charles W. Chesnutt.

Fortune is often too kind and generous to the mentally, morally delinquent and too often covers the path of the undeserving with flowers, while real merit and genius is allowed to starve and die.

The Disfranchisement of the Negro

BY WILFRED H. SMITH

FROM THE OUTLOOK

As an American Negro I feel compelled to take issue with the Hon. John B. Knox of Alabama, in his article in *The Outlook* of January 21, on the "Reduction of Southern Representation," and challenge his statement that the recent Constitution of Alabama does not disfranchise the Negro as such, but only prescribes an educational and property qualification test for both races; and his further statement that in case a Negro is discriminated against by the registrars, an appeal to the courts of Alabama will not be in vain.

On the contrary, the fact is that the suffrage provisions of the new Constitution of Alabama are an open disavowal and nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, and an exclusion of the Negro from the electorate on account of his race and previous condition; also the law providing for an appeal to the courts of the State of Alabama, where a Negro is refused registration, is only a snare, and affords him no relief whatever.

In considering this question the following undeniable facts should be borne in mind:

1. The Twelfth Census of the United States shows the population of the State of Alabama to be 1,001,152 whites and 827,545 Colored; and in 20 counties the Negroes largely outnumber the whites.

2. That since 1875 or thereabouts, up to the adoption of the new Constitution, the Negro vote in the State of Alabama has been suppressed by intimidation and false returns; so that during the entire time the complete control of the state government has been in the hands of white men and the Democratic party.

3. That not a single Negro delegate held a seat in the convention which enacted this Constitution; it was composed exclusively of white men.

4. That the constitutional convention was called upon a party platform

in which there was a pledge that no white man, however poor or ignorant, should be deprived of the franchise.

Upon the authority of Judge Cooley's work on *Constitutional Limitations*, and the case of *Ah Kow vs. Nunan*, 5th Sawyer, 560, it is proper to refer to statements in debate on the passage of a law, for the purpose of ascertaining the general object of the legislation proposed, and the mischief sought to be remedied. If, then, we wish to know the purpose of the law, we have but to read the words of Mr. Knox himself, in his opening address as president of the constitutional convention:

"If the Negroes of the south should move in such numbers to the State of Massachusetts, or any other northern state, as would enable them to elect the officers, levy the taxes, and control the government and policy of that state, I doubt not they would be met in the spirit that the Negro laborers from the south were met in the State of Illinois, with bayonets led by a Republican governor, and firmly but emphatically informed that no quarter would be shown them in that territory.

"And what is it that we do want to do? Why, it is, within the limits imposed by the Federal Constitution, to establish white supremacy in this state."

And so throughout the debate on these provisions the same or similar language was indulged in. Some of the delegates proposed openly to defy the Fifteenth Amendment by frankly writing it in the law that no Negro should be eligible to vote in Alabama. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that the enfranchisement of the Negro in the beginning was an insult and an outrage upon the southern white people to humiliate and degrade them, and it now became their duty in self-defense to disfranchise him as far as they could under the Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

Upon the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States, one cannot do indirectly unlawfully what one cannot do directly lawfully.

How could Mr. Knox keep his pledge not to disfranchise a single white man, made to his party, and at the same time keep his oath to support

the Constitution of the United States? Which, think you, had the greater building force upon him? There being only white and black men in Alabama, and the convention being pledged not to disfranchise the whites, who else were there to be disfranchised but the Blacks? No matter how the thing was done, whether by a soldier clause or a grandfather clause, a temporary plan or a permanent plan, its purpose was unlawful and repugnant to the Fifteenth Amendment.

The well-settled rule of construction is that the form of a law by which an individual is deprived of constitutionality is immaterial. The test of the law's constitutionality is whether it operates to deprive any person of a right guaranteed by the Constitution. If it does, it is a nullity, whatever may be its form.

Only one of many similar illustrations can be given of the administration of this law.

In the postoffice at Montgomery there are about eight or ten Colored clerks and carriers, all of them qualified under the United States Civil Service, who own their homes, each valued at upwards of a thousand dollars. Not one of these men, however, has been able to satisfy the board of registrars in Montgomery county of his good character, his ability to read or write, or that he was assessed with three hundred dollars' worth of property. The Constitution thus administered has brought about the following results:

In the county of Montgomery, where there are more than 5000 qualified Negro electors, only 47 were allowed to register. And in the whole State of Alabama, with about two hundred thousand qualified Negro electors, only about two thousand five hundred were allowed to register; while all the white men in the state who applied—183,234—were given certificates of qualification for life.

Mr. Knox is also in error when he says that the Negroes of Alabama disqualify themselves by failing to pay their capitation tax, which is a prerequisite for voting.

The payment of the poll tax without

also being registered does not give the right to vote in Alabama; and the payment of this tax is not a prerequisite for registration. The truth is, the boards of registrars refuse to register qualified Negroes, no matter what their qualification, or what property they own, or what taxes they have paid, except in such cases as seem to suit their whims. The qualified Negro thus refused is wholly remediless.

The Alabama Constitution provides that any person to whom registration is denied shall have the right of appeal to the Circuit Court. At the trial the solicitor for the state shall appear and defend against the petitioner on behalf of the state. The judge shall charge the jury only as to what constitutes the qualifications to entitle the applicant to become an elector at the time he applied for registration, and the jury shall determine the weight and effect of the evidence and return a verdict. From the judgment rendered an appeal lies to the Supreme Court in favor of the petitioner.

This law, we submit, is an absolute farce. It provides for an appeal from a partisan board to a partisan jury, composed exclusively of white men with the state solicitor, a partisan officer, appearing for the state against the elector. The hands of the trial judge are tied, so that he can only charge the jury as to what constitutes qualifications. The jury are thus made the sole judges of the case, and their decision is final, because nothing but an issue of fact can arise at the trial. Every lawyer knows that an appellate court cannot disturb the verdict of a jury on any disputed issue of fact, and hence on appeal to the Supreme Court the appeal was dismissed, the Court would avail nothing.

The case of the state vs. Crenshaw, 138 Alabama, 506, from Limestone county, referred to by Mr. Knox, in no way supports his contention, and really decides nothing. It has been ascertained that this case was specially made up to induce Negroes to abandon the Federal Courts and seek the State Courts. As arranged, the jury in the Circuit Court reversed the registrars, but on appeal to the Supreme Court the appeal was dismissed, the Court holding that the Constitution

gave the right of appeal only to the person refused registration and not to the registrars.

The deception becomes obvious when we consider how utterly impossible it would be for the courts of Alabama, as at present constituted, to carry on their regular business and determine the cases of two hundred thousand qualified Negroes refused registration.

Noble work in the Black Belt

BY H. D. SLATTER

Of a truth we may say that the upward career of the average Negro reads like a romance of the wildest creation. The terrible struggle to overcome the ignorance and superstition which slavery imposed upon him, the bitter contest with the phantoms of darkness, the persistent advancement into the light of intelligence with the shadow of a long record of intense cruelty and suffering constantly threatening before him and with the gloom of an inexorable race prejudice threatening his onward march toward a higher and grander civilization, this new citizen, undaunted by barriers of whatever sort, is forging his way to the front in every noble cause. Many inspiring examples of usefulness on the part of earnest young men who have received their training at such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee may be found in all sections of the south; but we know of few who are so unselfishly devoted to the work of elevating the masses of the race as Prof. William H. Holtzclaw, principal of the Utica Normal and Industrial institute, located one mile from the town of Utica, on a branch of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley railroad in the very heart of the Black Belt of Mississippi, where the Negroes outnumber the whites seven to one.

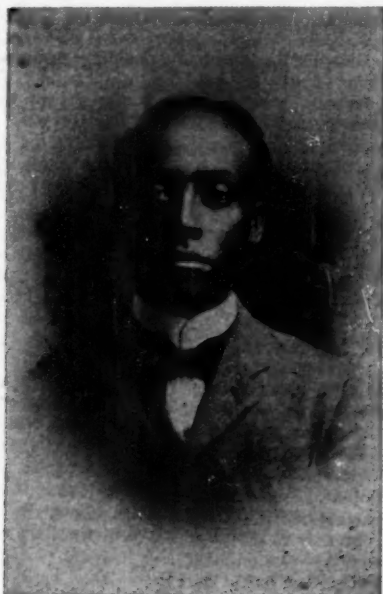
Professor Holtzclaw was born in Roanoke, Alabama in 1872. At an early age he heard of Dr. Booker T. Washington and later attended the Tuskegee Institute where he received such convictions as to the wisdom of the principal's course as to inspire him with the ambition to supplement, if possible, this great work. After his

graduation he went to Snow Hill, also where he worked for four years in the Snow Hill institute, rising to the responsible position of treasurer of that institution. While at Snow Hill he made a very careful study of the condition of the Colored people in various parts of the south and settled upon Mississippi as the state in which he might render most valuable service.

In October, 1902, leaving his wife in Alabama, he started for Utica, where, with unflagging industry he succeeded in opening a school under an oak tree in the forest one mile from the town. As soon as he was able to secure a cabin in which to teach the young people flocked in great numbers to his school. In a very short while he had 200 pupils in daily attendance. One teacher after another was employed; but the struggle was most distressing when he found that he could not raise money enough to pay them. During all this time he was trying to arouse the interest of the people. He went from door to door explaining his efforts, then made a tour of the churches; after riding or walking ten miles at night, he would return and teach the next day. After a protracted struggle of this kind and after visiting nearly everybody for miles, he secured about \$600.

Forty acres of land were purchased and part of the lumber for a comfortable building was put on the ground. Some of the trustees in New York City and Boston came to his assistance and with this and contributions from a few other friends, he was able to get through that first year. Although it was a struggle, he found in it some pleasure. To know that you are doing the work that the world needs and must have done is a pleasure, even under trying circumstances. It is doubtful if any school started as a result of Tuskegee's teaching ever accomplished more in the same length of time, during its first year of existence than was true of the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute.

Starting in October, 1902, without a cent, in the open air, he succeeded in one year in establishing a regularly organized institution, incorporated under the laws of the state of Mississippi.



PROF. W. H. HOLTZCLAW

pi, with 225 students and seven teachers, and the property valued at \$4000. On 40 acres of good farm land, about a mile from town, a model crop had been grown. He had erected a two-story frame building, at a cost of something over \$4000. But in all this noble work Professor Holtzclaw was assisted by teachers whose co-operation made it possible for him to accomplish so much in so short a period.

Miss Ada L. Hicks, lady principal of the institute, a graduate of the Snow Hill school and for a number of years a student at Spelman seminary, Atlanta, Ga., is one of the most helpful workers associated with the professor. She is deeply concerned about the work and is painstaking in every effort.

Miss Clara J. Lee, head of the academic work of the institute was born on a farm in the neighborhood of Utica. She finished the normal

course in Tongaloo university, located in the beautiful little village of Tongaloo, in the very middle of the state of Mississippi, just a few miles from Jackson, the capital. She started to work with Professor Holtzclaw immediately upon her graduation and her services have been invaluable. Her endeavors are highly appreciated by the principal.

The work which Professor Holtzclaw is doing in the Black Belt of Mississippi is of incalculable value.

"I sometimes think we're growing up
To be a wondrous people,
But yet, I fear, in building we're
Commencing with the steeple.
Without a basis broad and deep,
With virtue its foundation,
And truth and bright as corner-stones,
We can not build a nation."

—Daniel Webster Davis.

AND WHEN LOVE IS BLIND

A THRILLING STORY OF HOW LOVE PLAYS UPON THE HEART AND SOUL

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS

WRITTEN FOR ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

Chapter I.

"I wish," Nora Desmond colored ever so slightly, "one of you would tell me what Mr. Le Strange is like!"

Mrs. Desmond and Nancy Desmond looked at one another sharply, something like a warning glance passed between them.

"Like?" Mrs. Desmond repeated, faintly.

"Yes—like," Nora returned. "I know he's tall and big. I know he has a pleasant voice, a merry laugh; I know"—her strange, pretty eyes grew shy, though they saw nothing, never had seen anything since her fourth birthday—"he is the kindest man in the whole wide world; but I want to know what his face is like—that's natural, isn't it, since"—a trifle defiantly—"since we are such good friends?"

"Quite natural," Mrs. Desmond answered. "What would you like to know—the color of his eyes?"

Once more she looked at Nancy; the girl shrugged her shoulders, and made a helpless sort of gesture.

"Of course," Nora said, "the color of his eyes, his hair, what sort of a nose and mouth he has, whether he wears a mustache. I should like a word picture of him. You know," she sighed

softly, "it's all the picture I can see."

For some reason or other, both Mrs. and Miss Desmond looked relieved.

"John Le Strange has very good features, indeed," Mrs. Desmond answered; "a straight nose, a good mouth and really beautiful eyes. His hair is brown, with a natural wave in it. I don't think there's anyone in the world who could deny John has good features. As for the nature of the man, it's absolutely the sweetest I have ever known."

A very pretty smile crossed Nora's lips, a tender expression entered the sightless eyes.

"The sweetest nature you have ever known," she repeated. "One couldn't have a nicer thing said than that. Looks are a great deal, of course—I so love everything beautiful, but a lovely nature is even more than a lovely exterior. I—why, that's John's footstep; he's earlier than usual today, isn't he?"

John Le Strange boarded in the house of Mrs. Desmond; had lived in her house now for ten years, almost ever since the death of Terrence Desmond, leaving his widow not very well provided for.

A look of pleased expectancy shone

upon the girl's face; then, as the footsteps passed the door, went slowly upstairs, it died away.

"His footfall sounds tired tonight," she said, more to herself than the others, "as though some trouble is upon him. I wish, mother"—it was curious how directly she seemed to look at her mother—"you would go up to him, just to see that nothing is wrong. He's been an inmate of your house so long now, you must feel almost like a mother to him."

Once more Mrs. Desmond glanced at Nancy.

"I dare say he's fagged out," she answered. "Men mostly are when they come home from their work. Why not go and ask him yourself, Nora? You're his favorite."

A smile flashed into the girl's face, in her eyes, on her lips, dimpling her cheeks. She had been beautiful before; she was absolutely lovely now.

"His favorite!" she repeated. "Mother, do you really think so? Of course; he pities me—everyone does; everyone is kind to me—but, apart from that, do you really, really think I am his favorite—in spite of my blindness?"

Mrs. Desmond rose, cross the room, put her hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"I don't think—I know," she returned. "He thinks more of you than he thinks of anyone in the wide, wide world! That's something to be proud of, Nora."

She rose slowly, her little hands tightly clasped.

"Something to be very, very proud of!" she returned. "But how wonderful that is, mother!"

She moved across the room without stretching out her hands. No one who did not know would have supposed her to be blind.

"She will marry him, of course," Nancy said, when she was out of hear-

ing, "because she is blind; she never would if she could see!"

Chapter II.

Just as quietly as she had gone from her mother's sitting room, Nora mounted the stairs, knocked at the door, and, in answer to a quiet "Come in," uttered in a singularly beautiful voice, entered.

By a table, with the full glare of a lamp shining upon him, sat a man. So far as his features went, Mrs. Desmond's description had been accurate. The eyes that softened so wonderfully as he saw the girl were beautiful; for all that, the man was not pleasant to look upon. Smallpox of the most virulent type had seamed and scared his face, making what should have been very fair almost terrible.

"You, Nora!" he said, springing to his feet. "How good of you to come and see me!" He made use, without thought, of the ordinary words. "Come to this chair; it's the most comfortable in the room. You know that, don't you?"

"And so you always give it to me, John," she said. "I think you can't help being like that—the best invariably for some one else. I wonder,"—her soft fingers closed on his hand as he led her to a chair—"why you are sad tonight—unhappy?"

He started, ever so slightly.

"How did you know?" he asked. "How wonderful you are, Nora!"

She was sitting now; he standing close beside her, worshipping her with his beautiful eyes, feeling he would give the whole world, were it his, to take this dear, blind girl in his arms and kiss her sweet lips.

"I suppose I know," she answered, "because God, who is very just, has given me a greater power of perception of some things than those who can see—a fuller sympathy. Tell me

what is wrong, John—why you are sad?"

He hesitated a moment; then very slowly, half timidly, he sank upon his knees.

"This is why," he answered, and his hungry lips almost kissed her hand. "I want something that I dare not ask for, and yet if it could be mine how I would love and cherish it! I want something—some one to work for, to make money for; some one to surround with adoration and comfort, but I dare not—I dare not say to her I love you, because——"

He paused. She stretched out her hand and laid it unfalteringly upon his shoulder.

"Because she is blind, John?"

He covered her hand with his—then he covered it with kisses.

"No, no! A thousand times no!" he answered. "Oh, Nora, you know I love you—want you—you know your blindness makes you all the dearer to me! But you don't know me as others know me—you have never seen me. If—if you should give yourself to me, you would be giving yourself to an unknown man. I think you care for me—but——"

"There is no but," she interrupted. "I love you. As for knowing you, there is no one in the world I know so well. And today my mother has told me just what you are like—has so to speak, painted the picture of your every feature. I can look at you now with my mind's eye—I am so glad, dear!"

He put his arm round her; he drew her gently to him; he kissed her lips.

"Little sweetheart!" he said. "Little wife to be! So your mother told you all? Are you sure you did not dislike the picture?"

With her slender, sensitive fingers she touched his features, one by one, smiling, but a little puzzled.

"Quite," she answered; "and mother was right; your features are beautiful. Your skin is rough and rugged, different from mine—that is because you are a man, but you must not think"—one could scarcely believe she was not looking at the scarred face—"I love you for your beauty; I love you just because I love you—because I can't help it. And I hope—I do hope, with all my heart—you will never regret your goodness in taking a blind girl to your heart—wanting her for your wife."

Chapter III.

Many times during their short engagement something almost compelled John Le Strange to paint a word picture of himself as he really was, not as he knew she believed him to be; but, after all, is it necessary? She loved him, and, God knows, he loved her! She would never look upon his face; always to her he would be beautiful. So far as utter affection could, he would keep all sorrow from her, surround her with every comfort. She was more helpless than most women; would need all her life more care and cherishing.

More than once he asked Mrs. Desmond if it would not be better to deceive the girl. She, however, was emphatic in her negative.

"You'll just spoil her life and her happiness if you do," she answered. "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for; as every one knows, the blind in their hearts and souls worship at the shrine of beauty more ardently than those who see. To her you are all that is desirable in every way; let that content you."

And so, with the truth still untold, the two married, and in the whole wide world there was no happier wife than Nora Le Strange. Never once did he let her feel her blindness; never

did he tire of telling her of beautiful things, describing every place he took her to so vividly, with such care, that always she smiled and nodded as she pressed the hands she held.

"I see—I see it all quite plainly!" she would say. "Oh, John, what a beautiful place this world is! And what a pair of seeing eyes you lend to me!"

It was not until her little son was born that Nora craved passionately to see, if only for a moment. Time after time, as she held the little creature, as she passed her fingers ever so gently across his downy head, his tiny features, over and over again, John described just what the little one was like—the most beautiful baby in the world. But for once, she seemed hardly satisfied.

"Oh, if I could only see him!" she said; "just once. John, I've wanted terribly sometimes to see you, though I know just what you are like. I want even more to see him, because he's you and me, and our dear love all rolled up in this sweet, warm bundle."

It was just about this time that a stranger, meeting John, Nora and the beautiful child in a public conveyance, looked at the girl's eyes with an interested, professional glance. A day later, having discovered where they lived, he called upon John Le Strange.

"Your wife is blind," he said, after a preliminary word or two. "I think, however, she was not blind from birth?"

"No," he answered, "she was not blind until her fourth year. Her blindness is the outcome of some juvenile complaint."

"And can, I believe, be cured," the doctor said, gently.

John's heart gave a great leap. Nora's blindness cured! That would mean that she would see him; look upon the man she had believed beautiful—see how he had deceived her—perhaps hate him!

"Cured!" he repeated, and Dr. Winter wondered why the man's scarred face grew so pale.

"Will you allow me to examine your wife's eyes?" the oculist said. "From what I have observed, I have little doubt that your wife may yet see."

There was a struggle for a moment in John's heart. The happiness of his life, the dear, utter happiness, seemed

slipping away. Then the beauty of the man's nature conquered; he fetched his wife.

Trembling, he stood by while the beautiful eyes were examined; slowly he sat down as the doctor gave his verdict.

"The operation would be painful," he said, "but I have no doubt whatever of its success."

With a laugh of excitement, Nora spoke:

"Painful, John? That won't matter; I can bear pain. Think of it, dear! I shall see the sky, the flowers—see you, and the baby! Oh, John—John, it's too good to be true! No, no—I won't say that. John, how quiet you are!"

As the days passed on, and certain preparations for the operation were made, John grew more quiet than ever; a silent tragedy had come into his happy life. Within another week his wife would see—would look at him, perhaps with aversion!

"Will you tell her," he said to Mrs. Desmond, "before she sees—will you tell her? Directly the bandages are removed, she will turn to me, and she won't know me. Will you prepare her?"

"It's most unfortunate," she said, slowly. "Yes, I mean it; I look upon this hope for Nora's sight as a great misfortune. She was perfectly happy, perfectly content, I know"—neither of them heard a soft step coming along the passage—"she longed to see the child, but, after all, her sense of touch is so delicate, she knows as well as I know what he is like. This interfering doctor had better have left things alone."

The soft steps stopped outside the door. The blind girl stood and listened, her heart beating strangely. Sight a misfortune for her! Why—why? She could not understand.

"After all," Mrs. Desmond went on, slowly, "she loves you dearly; she will grow used to your looks in time; even if she is shocked at first, it will wear off, and any one can see that it's your misfortune that you're not a handsome man; your features, as I have told Nora often, are beautiful. You ought to be a handsome man, and but for the smallpox marks you certainly would have been."

The blind girl, standing so motionless outside the door, shivered a little.

"I shan't be able to bear it," John said. "Blind as she is, she worships beauty. What will she feel when she sees she is bound for life to me! I ought not to have married her; but when a man loves"—he made a hopeless gesture—"and I wanted to take care of her."

Mrs. Desmond rose, and walked about the room.

"You're her husband," she said; "you have the remedy in your own hands—forbid the operation!"

"And rob her of one of life's greatest blessings?" he answered. "No, I'm not so selfish as that, and she wants to see the little one. Ah, well; he, at all events, is perfectly beautiful; she will turn from me, perhaps; but she can feast her eyes on our little son."

As quietly as she had come, the blind girl stole away, up the stairs to her little one's nursery, where he lay crooning in his cot. With a half sob, she bent over him, kissed him—touched the tiny face.

A little later, with a quick, light step, she ran down the stairs, her hand just touching the banisters; listened an instant, then went straight to the room in which John sat. He glanced up, and she went to him, kissed him softly.

"John," she said, a tremble in her voice, "dear John, don't be angry with me—I know you've been put to trouble—trouble and expense, but—I'm a coward, dear—the doctor said it would be

painful; I can't"—she almost sobbed now—"I can't face the operation!"

He held her from him for a minute; no inkling of the truth entered his mind. Then he snatched her to his heart. Was he wicked, selfish, to be so glad?

"Not to face it!" he returned. "But think, Nora, just a little pain, or even a great deal, and then to see! To see," he said the words bravely, "to see baby!"

She trembled from head to foot. Oh, to see—to see!

"Yes, I know," she answered. "I have wanted to, but after all, you have been my eyes—such good eyes, John—and I'm not brave at bearing pain. You're not vexed with me?"

"No, darling—no; but think, think again."

"I have thought," she answered, "and I can't risk it. You must thank the doctor, and tell him I'm afraid. John, I don't seem selfish to you because I won't bear pain—because I must be your blind wife, and baby's blind mother always?"

"No," he whispered. Was he selfish, wicked, that so great a glow of joy pervaded his whole being? "But, dearest, to be blind all your life, when you might see!"

She lifted her lips and kissed him—kissed the scared cheek, the beautiful eyes.

"I don't mind," she answered. "Why should I, John, when the most beautiful thing in the world is blind?"

"The most beautiful thing?"



A BRAVE WOMAN'S DEVOTION

A WEIRD STORY FULL OF PATHOS SETTING
FORTH THE DEVOTION OF A NATIVE HEROINE

BY A NATIVE HAWAIIAN

WRITTEN FOR ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE



THREE riders came out of the woods, and, turning into the road leading from Napoopoo to the uplands, slowly began the ascent. As they went up, the long plains, reaching from the forest covered heights of Mauna Loa to the ocean, seemed to grow broader, and the sea rose higher, till the far away horizon almost touched the sinking sun. Lanes of glassy water stretched from the shore into illimitable distance. A ship lying motionless looked as if hanging in mid-air. Under the cliff the delicate lines of cocoanut and palm trees were silhouetted against the ocean mirror. Far to the south ran the black and frowning coast, relieved here and there by white lines or foam creeping lazily in from the ocean, only to look darker as the surf melted from sight. On the plain, little clusters of trees, or a house, or a thin curl of smoke, indicated the presence of men; and back of all rose the forest, vast, dim and mysterious, stretching away for miles till lost in the clouds resting

softly on the bosom of the mountain.

Such a scene could not fail to arrest attention, and, though our riders were tired, they reined in their horses to enjoy its quiet beauty.

"What a wonderful scene! I have been through Europe, feasted my eyes on the Alps, and have seen the finest that America can produce, but I never saw its equal," said the tourist.

"It looks as if such a picture might be the theatre of thrilling romance and history" said the Coffee Planter. "Is it not here that Captain Cook was killed? And I think I have heard that a famous battle was fought somewhere near: the last struggle of the past against advancing Christianity."

"Yes," replied the Native, slowly, with a lingering look in his eyes, as he turned from the inspiring view to his companions. "Yes, this is all historic ground. Over there under the setting sun, at Kuamoo, was fought the battle of Kekuaokalani, and there a heroic woman braved and met death with her husband, a rebel chief. On these plains below and on yonder

heights there have been many thrilling scenes in Hawaii's history. But all of the romance is not in the past. Do you see those houses away down the coast, this side of the high lands of Honokua? See how they glow in the setting sun-light. That is Hookena, and only a few years ago it witnessed the last act in a simple drama, which can hardly be excelled in all the tales of heroism in the past. It was told me in part by the woman who was or is the heroine, for she yet lives. And I looked at her in wonder, because she was so unconscious of it all."

"Let us hear the story," said the planter. "We will sit on that high point and watch this glorious scene fade into moonlight, while we rest and listen." They dismounted and stepped from the road to a projecting rock and, throwing themselves on the grass where none of the wonderful vision could be missed, listened. The native looked a little embarrassed at his sudden transformation from guide to story-teller, but accepted the position and began.

"Many years ago a native family lived a few miles above Hookena, on land which had been occupied by their ancestors for generations, for they belonged to the race of chiefs. The house was hidden from the road, in the midst of a grove of orange, bread-fruit, mango, banana and other trees.

It is on storied ground, for many stirring events in the past history of Hawaii had occurred here. A son and three daughters were the children.

They received more than the usual care and attention given to Hawaiian children, and had grown to man and womanhood serious and reflective. The young man, Keawe, was filled

with a desire to do something noble for his dying race. Though he had travelled over the Islands and had been well received everywhere, yet he was heart-free and said he would never marry, but wait untrammelled till his time for action should come. With eagerness he watched political developments at the capital. His heart beat wildly when the last Kamehameha died, and Kalakaua was elected King.

Such a method of King-making did not suit his chivalric ideas. The records of personal prowess, of brave chiefs and noble women were his delight. He mourned that such records belonged to the well-nigh forgotten past. His ambition was not ignoble. He wanted the Hawaiians to be worthy of the best civilization, to maintain a Hawaiian Kingdom, because that the native was equal to it. While he mourned, he condemned the frequent failures, under which the native was forfeiting the confidence of his white friends. He was one of the overwhelming majority who regarded Kalakaua's accession unworthy, and as the beginning of the end of Hawaiian supremacy.

One day, while fishing at the beach where he was doing more dreaming than fishing; sometimes idly watching a laughing company of girls who were bathing and surf-riding; he was startled by a cry of terror. Springing to his feet, he saw that one of the girls was desperately struggling to swim ashore, where her affrighted companions were running wildly about crying for help. Looking towards the sea he saw a large fin on the surface rapidly following the swimmer. Accustomed to every athletic sport; perfectly at home in

the water; always cool and self possessed, he saw, that overtake her, the shark must pass a low rocky headland, and in an instant he was there with a long knife in his hand. He remembered seeing the face of the girl as she struggled desperately to escape. There was a single terrified glance, but he saw a beautiful woman, with a face indicating a higher type than usual. There was no time for admiration. The shark was turning and, with a horrid open mouth, was about to rush upon its victim. He gave a loud shout, jumped full upon the huge beast, and in an instant had plunged his knife to the hilt again and again into its body. Then he was hurled into the seething brine, as the frightened animal with frantic plunges rushed seaward. Coming to the surface and looking about he saw the body of the girl near by. He thought her dead. She was indeed stunned and hurt, for the shark gave her a fearful blow in turning. It was the work of only a minute to drag her out. There for a moment he saw the full measure of her youth and beauty, but did not wait for returning consciousness. Seeing that she was recovering he walked swiftly away.

But he was wounded, and, denounce and reproach himself as he would, the sweet face ever and anon came before his eyes, and sent the blood tingling and dancing through his veins. He tried to crush out the image, and determined to enter into active life; to cease dreaming, and begin then and at once to accomplish his high aims.

The political campaign, culminating in the election of 1886, had commenced. Kalakaua had announced

the aim of his reign: to increase and develop the Hawaiian people. "Hawaii for the Hawaiians" made an inspiring war cry. Keawe entered with energy and hope into the conflict. Yet it troubled him, and it seemed as if there was something wrong in opposing the noble Philipo, who had so long faithfully represented the people of Kona in the National Legislature. But Kalakaua declared that Philipo must be replaced by another man, and was himself coming to assist in the conflict. With the ancient faith and confidence in the chief, Keawe put aside his doubts and worked day and night for the success of the holy cause. It was holy to him and as the day of election drew near, his belief grew stronger, that at last a deliverer had come and Hawaii was to be redeemed. Already he saw, in a bright future, a government by Hawaiians with full friendship for all nations, and cordial relations with those who had helped his people into the best light of civilization. The King came, and with him a troop of palace guards from Honolulu. When all of these were, by the royal will, duly registered as voters, and means, other than argument and persuasion, were used to help on the good cause, a chilly sense of something wrong cooled Keawe's ardor. He met the King and was cordially received. His heart bounded with pleasure at words of praise for his work. An invitation to a feast and dance was accepted, and only when he went and saw, did he realize the mockery and sham behind the fine words. Heart sick, dizzy with a sore disappointment, early the next morning, when all were sleeping,

he mounted his horse and stole away alone. The cold mountain air relieved the pain in his head, but his heart was weary and the future looked dark. He saw that if there was momentary triumph, all the sooner disaster must come; and he longed to know how to avert the danger. He grew weary thinking and trying to hope, and his thoughts went to other things. Again he was in the water, struggling to save her life. Again the sweet face appeared before him, so fair and gentle. The sun was hot now; he had ridden for hours, and, alighting, threw himself on the grass and looked up through the leafy bower at the bright sky. Perhaps he slept; at any rate he dreamed that a sweet voice was singing "Aloha oe." He sat up and listened. It was not a dream, and a strong desire to see the face of the singer possessed him. The voice drew nearer, then she passed near by carrying a pitcher, and went to a spring. It was the girl he had saved from the shark! She wore a loose flowing gown of white and a maile branch twisted about her head hardly confined the silky hair which floated down her back. A coral pin held the gown about her neck. Short sleeves only partly hid her graceful and shapely arms.

Keawe arose and stood watching. His heart beat tumultuously. No other woman had so strongly moved him, and now he would speak and not run again. A movement startled her, and rising with the dripping pitcher in her hand, she turned and saw him. That she knew him was instantly evident; but her eyes modestly dropped and she moved as if to go. But he was in the path,

and seeing that, she hesitated and turned to go through the woods, but could not and stood again, looking at her feet which just peeped from the gown. Keawe stepped towards her and said, "Do you remember the shark?" "Yes, I know you," she replied. Her eyes said more and he saw it again. As he stepped nearer she said, "Why did you not let me thank you? I thought you might come." It flashed through his mind that he wasted two months pursuing an ignis fatuus, only to have nothing but bitterness at the end, when it might have been——! "I was afraid to come," he replied. "I wanted to work for Hawaii and our people." "Yes, I know," she said. "You have spoken bravely. All Kona trusts in your words!" "Did you believe them?" he quickly asked. "Do you believe in me?" A look was her reply. Will you believe in me if I say that I am done with 'Hawaii for the Hawaiians,' under such leadership?" "I will always believe in you. But come, you are tired. My father will be glad to meet you," she said quickly. "May I drink?" he said, and held out his hand. She gave him the pitcher, which he held and looked at the pretty figure standing near the spring. "You are Rebecca at the well." "And are you Abraham's servant?" "No, I am Isaac himself," he replied and tried to take her hand. "Oh! but Isaac did not meet Rebecca at the well!" And, laughing merrily, she ran down the path towards her home. He followed but though he wanted, the opportunity for other words did not come; she was so very coy. But that was not the only visit. Very

often business calls took him along that lovely mountain road and there was always a welcome at the home of Lilia. He told her of his love, and in April they were married.

They built a little cottage which nestled snugly in a quiet valley on the mountain side, and there they passed a few months of perfect happiness. All loved them. He was regarded as the wise adviser and friend of the country-side. She became the gentle sister of those who were ill, or suffering or wayward, and their home was the center of an influence which helped and lifted.

But a shadow came into their lives. He grew silent, reserved, almost afraid of beautiful Lilia. She watched with eager anxiety and entreated his confidence, but his lips were sealed. Only his tremulous voice and shaking hand betrayed suffering. Sometimes she fancied that his hands grew palsied and his bright eye was dim, but he repelled the fancy with terror. One day he came home with such a look that her heart stood still, and words died upon her lips. He gazed into her eyes with passionate agony and, taking her hands, said "Will you still believe in me if I say we must part; that I must leave you and go away, and you must stay here and live out your life—your precious life, so dear to me—all, all alone?" Then her courage came, and she said, "No, I will never leave you. You are mine. I must go too, wherever you go!" "But," said he, "I have seen the examining surgeon to-day, and he says I must go by the next trip of the steamer to Honolulu." And then the full measure of her woe dawned upon the stricken wife. With

unutterable anguish she threw her arms about his body and clasped him tightly to her breast. "I was allowed to come here and prepare to go, and to bid a last farewell to all I hold so dear. I shall never see these trees, the flowers, this house, my friends, nor you, my precious wife, again." But her face had grown hard and stern, and, relaxing the hold, she told her plan. It was to take him into a far off deep recess in the woods. There was up the mountain side a deep crater, overgrown with trees, ferns, vines and a wild luxurious growth, which kindly nature had draped so softly that its hideousness was lost. It was considered inaccessible, and only the family knew of an ancient lava cavern which entered its deepest recess. One of several mouths of the cavern was near the house. "But the law says that I must go" he urged. "There is no law higher than my love for you," and he yielded to her imperious urgency. Quickly and stealthily she carried such articles as the simplest life might require, and a few days later, when the officers of the law came, Keawe was not to be found and no one knew where they had gone.

With untiring love the wife watched and aided her husband. Together they built a little bower out of view from the upper edges of the crater, under the spreading branches of a kukui tree. A little pool, fed by the constant drip from the over-hanging wall, supplied them with pure water. Near at hand, under a mass of ferns, maile and ieie, was the mouth of the cavern. She grew familiar with its turns and windings, till she almost

dared to brave its black recesses without a torch. In one of its dry and sheltered windings, she stored articles of food and clothing thinking that sometime a watch might be stationed at the home on the hill-side and she could not venture out. But days melted into weeks; weeks became months: two years passed, and their hiding place was not discovered. No one came, though Keawe often longed to see the faces of friends. But they were afraid to venture near and the cavern echoed only to her feet, and the silence of the deep pit was only broken by their voices and the music of the birds. At times a sudden gust rushed down the steep sides and every tree waved and bowed and quivered. The sunlight only touched the bottom in summer and then for a few minutes only. But it was not gloomy, the glorious sky was always there and the brilliant light, and the bloom and fragrance filled the air. No, it was not always bright, sometimes tempests whirled far over their heads; trees in the world above tossed their branches over the abyss, leaves and twigs fell gently, or branches, and once, a tree, were hurled down with deafening noise. The roar of thunder, and vast sheets and torrents of rain filled the pit. Once, in a still night, they were startled and terrified by a sudden boom far below their feet and the earth shook, stones rattled down the rocky sides of the abyss, and they remembered the dread power of the volcano. "It is Pele! she is angry with us!" cried Lilia. "No," replied her husband, "we have thrown ourselves into the protecting bosom of the Goddess! We are safe in her arms."

They were safe from human sight and interference, and Lilia's soul feasted in the presence of him she loved. She poured out upon him such a wealth of devotion, that a miser might have envied. But alas, though safe from man, he was under the fell power of disease, and slowly yielded. Day after day he grew weaker and less able to help himself, until the fond wife performed the most menial tasks. But they were not menial to her. Everything for him was a glory and a joy. "I cannot last long" he said one day, "and I want you to have my lands. Get your mother's young husband, the lawyer, to come, that it may be settled." He came, and, looking wonderingly about, prepared a deed which he said would accomplish the object. Keawe was not satisfied. "It sounds wrong—why should the name of your wife appear, he asked. "She's your wife's mother," was the reply, "and you cannot convey to your wife direct. When this deed is recorded my wife can then convey to your wife. You must hurry or it will be too late," said the coming man. With some doubt still, but trusting to his friend's good faith, knowing he was alone, cut off from all the world, Keawe signed, and the deed was taken away. Patiently they waited for weeks to finish the business, "and then," said Keawe, "you will have a home." But the lawyer did not come, and evaded Lilia's eager questions.

One day when returning to the cavern, her heart stood still as she saw slowly emerging from its mouth, several police officers, bearing on a rough litter the helpless form of her beloved.

ed Keawe. At a glance she saw the whole base deception. Her stepfather had betrayed their secret hiding place, and the end had come! With a frantic wail of despair, she flung herself at their feet and begged and implored. But her entreaties were vain, and the sick man was taken to Hooke-na where the steamer was waiting. At the landing, as the boat drew near the shore, she learned that he was to go alone and then her grief knew no bounds. As he was put on board and turned his imploring eyes on her she made a desperate attempt to go too, and in her struggle her clothing was almost torn away. The officers of the law thought they were doing their duty, but their eyes were full of pity. "Keawe! Oh Keawe, my beloved husband!" she cried, "let me go with you!" But no answer came. The steamer turned her head towards the sea, and he was gone. She fell to the earth, and lay with buried face for many minutes. It seemed to her that nothing

was left and bitterly she mourned her loss. But suddenly starting, she asked eagerly for a horse, which was furnished at once by a sympathetic friend. Mounting, she went without stopping for rest or food until, on the second day, Kawaihae was reached. Soon a steamer came, and she went to Honolulu, only to hear on landing that Keawe had died on the trip down. Giving way to despair, she dejected, sought the house of an aunt, where she was kindly received, and there she remained for several months.

"And that is the story," said the Native.

"It is rather sad, but she was a heroine sure enough," said the Planter.

The pale light of the crescent moon served only to render the landscape shadowy. All nature rested. An owl fluttered slowly by and a soft murmur from far below told that the restless sea alone moved. There was no other sound. The riders mounted and silently stole away.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, COMPOSER

A Sketch

By Booker T. Washington

FROM THE MUSICIAN

It is given to but few men in so short a time to create for themselves a position of such prominence on two continents as has fallen to the lot of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor. Born in London, August 15, 1875, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is not yet thirty. His father, an African and a native of Sierra Leone, was educated at King's college, London, and his medical practice was divided between London and Sierra Leone.

As a child of four Coleridge-Taylor could read music before he could read a book. His first musical instruction was on the violin. The piano he would not touch, and did not for some years. As one of the singing boys in St. George's church, Croydon, he received an early training in choral work. At fifteen he entered the Royal College of Music as a student of the violin. Afterwards winning a scholarship in composition he entered, in 1893, the classes of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, with whom he studied four years or more.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor early gave evidence of creative powers of a higher order, and today he ranks as one of the most interesting and remarkable of British composers and conductors. Aside from his creative work, he is actively engaged as a teacher in Trinity college, London, and as conductor of the Handel society, London, and the Rochester Choral society. At the Gloucester festival of 1898 he attracted general notice by the performance of his *Ballade in A minor*, for orchestra, Op. 33, which he had been invited to conduct. His remarkable sympathetic setting in cantata form of portions

of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Op. 30, has done much to make him known in England and America. This triple choral work, with its haunting, melodic phrases, bold harmonic scheme, and vivid orchestration, was produced one part or scene at a time. The work was not planned as a whole, for the composer's original intention was to set *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast* only. This section was first performed at a concert of the Royal College of Music under the conductorship of Stanford, November 11, 1898. In response to an invitation from the committee of the North Staffordshire Musical Festival *The Death of Minnehaha*, Op. 30, No. 2, was written, and given under the composer's direction at Hanley, October 26, 1899. The overture to *The Song of Hiawatha*, for full orchestra, Op. 30, No. 3, a distinct work, was composed for and performed at the Norwich musical festival of 1899. The entire work, with the added third part—*Hiawatha's Departure*, Op. 30, No. 4—was first given by the Royal Choral society in Royal Albert hall, London, March 22, 1900, the composer conducting.

The first performance of the entire work in America was given under the direction of Mr. Charles E. Knauss by the Orpheus Oratorio society in Easton, Penn., May 5, 1903. The Cecilia society of Boston, under Mr. B. J. Lang, gave the first performance of *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast* on March 14, 1900; of *Hiawatha's Departure* on December 5, 1900; and on December 2, 1902, *The Death of Minnehaha*, together with *Hiawatha's Departure*.

In 1902 Mr. Coleridge-Taylor was in-

vited to conduct at the Sheffield musical festival his orchestral and choral rhapsody *Meg Blane*, Op. 48. The fact that this work was given on the same program with a Bach cantata, Dvorak's *Stabat Mater* and Tschalkowsky's *Symphonie Pathetique* indicates the high esteem in which the composer is held.

A sacred cantata of the dimensions and style of a modern oratorio. *The Atonement*, Op. 53, was first given at the Hereford festival, September 9, 1903, under the composer's baton, and its success was even greater at the first London performance in the Royal Albert hall on Ash Wednesday, 1904, the composer conducting. The first performance of *The Atonement* in this country was by the Church Choral society under Richard Henry Warren at St. Thomas's church, New York, February 24 and 25, 1904. Worthy of special mention are the *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings*, Op. 6 (1897), which Joachim has given, and the *Sorrow Songs*, Op. 57 (1904), a setting of six of Christina Rossetti's exquisite poems.

Beside the work already mentioned are a *Nonet for Piano, Strings and Wind*, Op. 3 (1894), *Symphony in A minor*, Op. 7 (1895), *Solemn Prelude for Orchestra*, Op. 40, (1899), between thirty and forty songs, various piano solos, anthems, and part songs, and part works in both large and small form for the violin with orchestra or piano.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has written much, has achieved much. His work, moreover, possesses not only charm and power, but distinction, the individual note. The genuineness, depth and intensity of his feeling, coupled with his mastery of technique, spontaneity, and ability to think in his own way, explain the force of the appeal his compositions make. Another element in the persuasiveness of his music lies in its naturalness, the directness of its appeal, the use of simple and expressive melodic themes, a happy freedom from the artificial. These traits, employed in the freedom of modern musical speech, coupled with emotional power and supported by ample technical resource, beget an utterance quick to evoke response.

The paternity of Mr. Coleridge-Tay-

lor and his love for what is elemental and racial found rich expression in the choral work by which he is best known and more obviously in his *African Romances*, Op. 17, a set of seven songs; the *African Suite* for the piano, Op. 35; and *Five Choral Ballads*, for baritone, solo, quartet, chorus and orchestra, Op. 54, being a setting of five of Longfellow's *Poems on Slavery*. The transcription of Negro melodies recently published is, however, the most complete expression of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's native bent and power. Using some of the native songs of Africa and the West Indies with songs that came into being in America during the slavery regime, he has, in handling these melodies, preserved their distinctive traits and individuality, at the same time giving them an art from fully imbued with their essential spirit.

It is especially gratifying that at this time, when interest in the plantation songs seems to be dying out with the generation that gave them birth, when the Negro song is in too many minds associated with "rag" music and the more reprehensible "coon" song, that the most cultivated musician of his race, a man of the highest esthetic ideals, should seek to give permanence to the folk songs of his people by giving them a new interpretation and an added dignity.

Outwitting the Devil

A STORY

BY KELT-NOR

What you want to press upon your brethren of African descent is (1) hard work, (2) the earnest use in that work of all the brains with which the Almighty has blessed them, (3) the acquirement of knowledge whereby that work may become better paid, and (4) chiefest of all the highest possible standard of morality, higher therefore than has been reached by any people in the old or new world, in this first decade of the 20th century.

Now the most bigoted citizen north or south, of European or Asiatic extraction, has always been only too glad to concede to your people the

first mentioned of these blessings; but, in the southern part of our country at least, he is very apt to do all in his power to prevent his fellow citizens, with African blood in their veins, from acquiring the last three.

As I sat pondering on this melancholy fact and on how best to enforce the precepts of which I have spoken, my eyes fell on the theme which my little girl had just written for humble submission to her school ma'am. It seemed to me to the point, and I straightway copied it out for you, just as written. Here it is:

The Students' Adventure.

Two German students, Dietrich and Hans, wished to get for their Botany Professor a specimen of a particular kind of rare pine which grew only on the Hartz mountains. They were natives of a district near there; so, when they went home for their Christmas vacation, they went on a snow-shoeing trip, to get some.

They gave, on their way, in return for food and lodging, such songs and stories as they knew; and so they traveled on pleasantly enough until, on the third day, they found themselves near the lonely tract on which grew the pines. As there were no more farmhouses at which they could stop, they hurried forward, hoping to get to the trees and back before nightfall.

The snow was deep, but as they were young and strong, and more than that had on snow shoes, they had no difficulty. But alas! about half a mile from the pines, the strap of one of Hans' snowshoes broke. He took his snowshoes off and carried them, but found doing so hard work, and when they reached the pines the sun had almost set, and Hans was tired. "You rest old boy," said Dietrich (in German of course) "and I'll get the boughs."

It was easier said than done, for when he got to the trees he had to take off his snowshoes and shin up. The huge trunk was hard to grapple, but he managed it, and after about 20 minutes had two fine specimens. But when Dietrich was safe on the ground again the sun had set, there were only a few golden clouds floating on the horizon, and the light was waning fast.

"Oh, beloved Heaven! We must hasten wind-fast" (literal translation), exclaimed he, and, when he reached Hans, "Get up, old fellow!"

Hans got up, and they started home by moonlight.

Now there happened to be a devil on that mountain—the devil of ignorance—and, of all that he hated, professor and students he abhorred most; for did not they forward learning more than any one? Hearing these students talking he gathered—being a German devil, and so understanding them—that they were students, and that they were going to forward his enemy, Learning, by giving some pine-boughs off his mountain to a hated professor.

"This must not be!" he stormed; so he took hold of the heels of Dietrich's snow shoes, and putting his tall round Hans' waist, for every step they took he pulled them back three; so they went backwards towards his cave.

Now Hans wore spectacles, and he saw what the devil was doing, reflected in them. He told Dietrich, in Latin, what went on, and the devil, being very ignorant did not understand. So they figured out by geometry that if they turned round and walked the other way they would get shelter even sooner than before.

They carried out this plan so scientifically that the devil, being also very unperceptive, did not find out how they were fooling him, until he saw the farmhouse lights. Then, being very much frightened he let go of the students and fled shrieking and howling up the mountain. That was the last they ever saw of him—which they did not regret.

When the students went back to the university, they triumphantly gave the pine-boughs to the professor.

Goodness knows how the young person who wrote that story got it into her head that one is justified in tricking even the good old-fashioned Nick with his horns and hoofs, for any purpose whatever. Myself I disclaim any responsibility for the morality involved. But this I will say that if trickery and "lying low" of any kind is ever justified, or (I may rather say) not much noticed by the recording angel, it must be when they are

brought to bear on the very Evil Spirit which grudges to any race the attainment of more knowledge and a higher civilization than that to which their ancestors, near or remote had arrived.

KELT-NOR.

HIS LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

(By Carolyn Schlesinger.)

Orville Wright, the flying machine man, told a reporter this story:

"A little boy hustled into a grocery one day with a memorandum in his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Smith," he said, 'I want 13 pounds of coffee at 32 cents.'

"Very good," said the grocer, and he noted down the sale, and set his clerk to packing the coffee. 'Anything else, Charlie?'

"Yes, 27 pounds of sugar at 9 cents.'

"The loaf, eh? And what else?'

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at 20 cents.'

"That's the Arrow brand. Go on.'

"Five pounds of tea at 90 cents, 11 1-2 quarts of molasses at 8 cents a pint, two eight-pound hams at 21 1-4 cents and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at 24 cents a jar.'

"The clerk hustled about and the grocer made out the bill.

"It's a big order," he said. 'Did your mother tell you to pay for it, or is it to be charged?'

"My mother," said the boy, as he pocketed the neat and accurate bill, 'has nothing to do with this business. It is my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow.'—In the Boston Herald.

"Oh, dey's times fu' bein' pleasant an' fu' goin' smilin' roun',

'Cause I don't believe in people allus totin' roun' a frown,

But it's easy 'nough to titter w'en de stew is smokin' hot,

But hit's mighty ha'd to giggle w'en dey's nuffin' in de pot."

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

An Artist of Rare Culture

BY S. E. WILSON

"I have no genius; it is only patient, concentrated toil that gives me success."—Sir Isaac Newton.

It is with the deepest sense of pride that we introduce our readers to one of the most gifted artists of the Afro-American race, Mme. Estelle Pinckney Clough, of Worcester, Mass. Two years ago, on the 11th day of this month, Mme. Clough made her debut in grand opera. She achieved a great triumph in interpreting the soprano role of "Aida," a production which was presented by the Theodore Drury Opera company in the Lexington Opera House, New York City. Relative to this appearance, the critic of the "Musical Leader" says:

"A performance of remarkable excellence was given by Theodore Drury and his associates, who revealed in a manner most astonishing what talent is to be found among the Colored people. "Aida" was sung and admirably sung by Mme. Estelle Clough of Worcester, Mass. She has a voice of wonderful range, and her high notes are so exquisitely sung that Melba herself need have no shame were she the possessor. The performance was a credit to all and a revelation to many who, like myself, had never seen anything of the sort before. The audience was very large and thoroughly appreciative."

Last year the Drury Opera company gave a performance of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" at the Lexington Opera House for the benefit of the Home for Colored Musicians. Mme. Clough's magnificent conception of the character of "Nedda" in the opera "Pagliacci" won immediate recognition. Her rendition of this role was marked by the display of intense emotional power, coupled with telling vocal capacity and expression.

Mme. Clough recalls with interest the singing tour recently made in Baltimore and Washington with the S. Coleridge-Taylor Choral society of Washington. Our artist sang the soprano roles in S. Coleridge-Taylor's

"Hiawatha." There were 200 voices in the chorus and the music was rendered by the United States Marine band, under the direction of the composer of "Hiawatha."

We have taken a rather extensive review of work far and near, but now

chanics' hall, Worcester, Mass., Thursday evening, May 4, 1905, assisted by a number of talented artists: Mr. Paul C. W. Dufault, tenor, New York; Miss Marion Ward, violinist, Nashua, N. H.; Mr. Ernest S. Valva, flutist; Miss Blanche Kenerson, pianist and



MME. ESTELLE PINKNEY CLOUGH

we come home to ask the question whether or not a "prophet hath honor in his own country?" The proof in the affirmative is a matter of so recent date that hundreds of Worcester people are still discussing the marvellous ability of our accomplished musician. Concert by Mme. Estelle Clough, Me-

acompanist; Miss Gertrude Gallagher, pianist; Mrs. Emma La Bonte, alto; Mr. C. Sharp, tenor; Mr. W. Ryan, basso, and a chorus of 40 ladies.

More than 1500 persons listened with pleasure to the program so well arranged and including some of the most ambitious numbers which are in-

cluded in the repertoire of a soprano.

In referring to this concert, the Worcester Post says: "Mme. Clough achieved a distinct success. Her high and resonant tones, flexible and sweet, were heard to advantage in every part of the hall. Her selections were: "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon," Weber; "Indian Bell Song," from "Lakme," Delibes; "The Nightingale," from "Les Noces de Jeannette," Masse, and "The Sea Maiden," Smart.

Her handsome stage presence, her stunning gown of black velvet cut decollete and en train, with necklace of rare pearls and crimson roses in her hair, made a most attractive picture as she stood and received the prolonged applause that is seldom accorded even to a festival singer. She was presented many beautiful bouquets and was forced to return again and again.

The Ocean aria calls for careful management of the vocal organs and this was not lacking. The Indian bell song showed the flexibility and staccato power of her tones which imitated the sounds of the bell at even. The Masse aria, with flute obligato by Ernest Valva, was a number few sopranos would dare to attempt for the contrast between flute and voice would be only too noticeable if the voice should fail to be of the pure quality demanded by the writing. Mme. Clough sang like the nightingale and the hall resounded with applause.

In the "Sea Maiden," she was assisted by the chorus. This song has been given in Worcester before only by festival artists. The Masse aria has been sung here but once before, by Mrs. Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. The remarkable high tones of the singer last night were noteworthy. Few are ever heard that can so easily reach and sustain high E flat. Altogether, Mme. Clough and her teacher, Mme. Maria Peterson, were fully deserving of the congratulations bestowed upon them by numerous friends and musical people after the concert.

Mme. Clough says that her success is due in no small degree to the inspiration and encouragement given by her most devoted friend and teacher, Mme. Maria Dorothy Peterson, of Worcester, Mass. Mme. Peterson is one of the great European vocal instructors and

uses the real old Italian method, having imbibed it from no less an authority than Jenny Lind. Mme. Peterson is a most noble-hearted woman and she impressed me deeply when she said, "I have much in store for Mme. Clough, but it would necessarily mean a European tour. What I do in her interest is for the race. When one rises, others must unwittingly do the same."

Madame Clough's thorough knowledge of elocution and dramatic action was gained from the well known, conscientious instructor, Mr. Joseph M. Bergin, also of Worcester.

For a number of years Mme. Clough was a successful teacher on the piano-forte. Thus, being a thoroughly trained musician, she not only has a large number of pupils in vocal culture but also in instrumental instruction.

My dear readers, do you not realize that it is the accomplishment which demands recognition? The world is seeking for the person who can do something to uplift or elevate humanity. If you have a talent, cultivate it. Work hard and work faithfully. The quotation from Sir Isaac Newton which precedes this article is Mme. Clough's favorite motto and she has a copy of it in a conspicuous place in her studio, where she may often read it and likewise her pupils:

"I have no genius; it is only patient, concentrated toil that gives me success."

The progress of civilization, the moral and intellectual improvement of society, as well as the psychological enlightenment of the world at large attests increasingly to the value, the justice and the worth of common education for all members of the body politic in whatever station or of whatever condition they may be found or to whatever race they may belong.

Governor W. D. Jelks of Alabama last week appointed Herschel V. Cashin, a Colored lawyer of Decatur, Alabama, notary public. He, Warren Logan of the Tuskegee Institute, and possibly one other, are the only Colored notaries public in the state.

Alexander's Magazine

CHARLES ALEXANDER
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

PUBLISHED ON THE FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH AT 714 SHAWMUT AVENUE IN THE CITY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE, DOLLAR A YEAR, TEN CENTS FOR A SINGLE COPY

EDITORIAL

MRS. CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

There are very few women in this country who are accomplishing larger purposes for the uplift of mankind, or who are expending more mental and moral energy in unselfish endeavors, or who have achieved greater distinction on account of a liberal show of exceptional elocutionary talent and rare literary gifts, or greater forcefulness of personality as an organizer and leader of her sex than Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Clifford was born in Columbus, Ohio, where she distinguished herself in the high school as a student of unusual brilliancy. Mrs. Clifford organized the Minerva Reading club for the study of literature and of course this brought her in connection with the National Association of Colored Women. Being an enthusiastic worker and having devoted her best energies to the development of the Cleveland organization, her ability was soon recognized and when the call for a state organization was issued, she took first place among those who brought about the Ohio State Federation in 1901. In 1903 in connection with her duties as president of the Ohio State Federation she launched "Queen's Gardens" and later compiled a magnificent little booklet entitled "Sowing for Others to

Reap," containing some of the best thought of the Colored women of Ohio.

Of the 16 federated states belonging to the National Federation of Colored Women's clubs, the Ohio Federation stands second to none. At the last convention of this organization Mrs. Clifford, having had her full share of the honors of the work, had determined to decline a re-election; but she could not realize how firmly planted in the hearts of Ohio women she had become on account of her faithful service to their noble cause than when the time for re-election came. The women



MRS. CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

in convention would consider no other candidate because they had learned to love and honor a worthy leader and could not easily be persuaded to try the uninitiated.

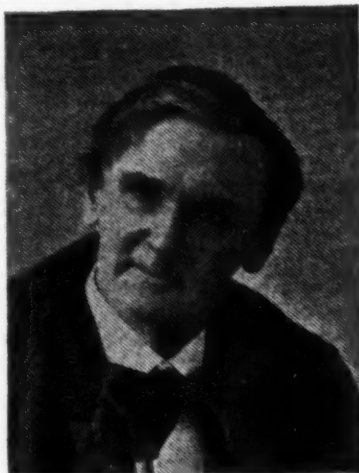
Mrs. Clifford is in great demand both as a dramatic reader and lecturer but must decline many engagements because of her devotion to her home. She has been the chief promoter of nearly every good work conducted in the interest of Colored people in Cleveland. It was through her

efforts that Dr. Du Bois delivered his lecture in that city not long since, and she was largely instrumental in planning and carrying out the magnificent program on the occasion of the Dr. Booker T. Washington banquet. Because she is interested in literary matters she was selected by the publishers of the Cleveland Journal as editor-in-chief of the Woman's edition and achieved notable success of the enterprise. We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to secure the service of such an able woman on our magazine.—The Editor.

THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON

In the death of Joseph Jefferson the theatrical profession loses the most renowned, the most respected, the most highly esteemed and perhaps the most skillful actor that has played upon the American stage for a great number of years. The chief characteristics of this man's career points to his simplicity of home life and his ideals, with a view to dignifying his profession in the eyes of the public. It may be that the day of great actors has faded away into the past and that we may never have another who will interpret the vital literature of the past so admirably and with such technique and vividness as did Joseph Jefferson. Where is the man or woman who pretends to know anything about the history of the American stage who is not familiar with Joseph Jefferson in the role of Rip Van Winkle, and what school boy or school girl has not read Washington Irving's magnificent production in the course of his or her daily studies. The manner in which Joseph Jefferson delineated the character of a vagabond, who was simplicity itself and the pathos of whose life is a tradition in our history, and at once places him in the

front rank of the finest and best artists of his day and generation. There was a charm in the portrayal of Rip that never failed to hold the attention of theatregoers wherever exhibited. In the truest sense Joseph Jefferson was an adornment to his profession, and the sweet and delightful memory of his activities will be cherished by generations yet unborn.



THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON

In the recent death of Mr. Patrick J. Healy, head of the firm of Lyon & Healy of Chicago, Ill., removes from the musical world one of the most successful and widely known business men of this generation. He was a skilled, sympathetic, hard working business man and his unusual attainments were due to his rectitude, love and tolerance—splendid qualities of head and heart—as well as his incessant application to the business in which he was engaged. His honesty, integrity, faithfulness and splendid devotion to his friends and to all who came in contact with him either in a business or social way stamped him as a man of fine quality and a model for young men. As Mr. Haynes, head of

the firm of Oliver Ditson company, says, in his splendid tribute: "His memory will be a blessed heritage to his friends and all with whom he has ever been associated."

The collection of Negro Melodies recently issued by Oliver Ditson company, being transcriptions of Negro and African Folk Songs by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, form a remarkable contribution to the Musicians' Library, issued by this deservedly popular house, and the article concerning the work of Mr. Taylor which appears in this issue of Alexander's Magazine contributed to The Musician by Dr. Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial institute, is informing and helpful. It must be an exalted position to be rightly credited as the first great composer of a race, and such is the position of Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor of London, England. His compositions are brilliant and carry with them evidence of scientific research and careful character delineations. The recent rendition of a number of these compositions by Mr. Samuel W. Jamieson of this city, in Steinert hall, evidences the fact that his work is extraordinary and ranks with the best classics of modern times. We reproduce from The Musician the splendid copyright portrait of Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor by special written permission of the Oliver Ditson company.

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

THE NEED OF A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY J. M. HENDERSON

As a rule the first news of various happenings is presented in the papers hastily. People want the news and read what is presented as news quickly and pass it along without much thought. This is about all of the attention that a large part of news items are worth but there are constantly taking place events that bear such important relations to questions of great interest that it is essential for the student of events to have the aid of a monthly review.

Alexander's Magazine will meet an existing need if it takes up important events and questions of vital and pres-

ent day interest and gives to its readers the outcome of calm, deliberate, and critical thought. The weekly paper has its place, but the race now needs strong monthly journals.

Such men as Judge Straker and many of his class who are seldom heard from of late years would find in a strong monthly publication a means of saying many very valuable things to the race. The earnest men and women now at the zenith of activity would not hesitate to speak through a calm monthly periodical.

The white people who desire to learn something of the Colored citizens beyond what can be seen on the surface or gleaned from the hurried reports of daily happenings would find in a well edited monthly a great aid.

Such a periodical should become a powerful advocate of the welfare of the race. It should review the sayings of the weekly papers of the race and present the rational conclusions that are to be drawn from scattered news that has been hurriedly presented.

A Conference in the South End House, Boston

BY JOHN DANIELS

On the evening of April 27 there was held at the South End House, 20 Union Park street, Boston, an important conference on the position of the Negro in the city. Present were Butler R. Wilson, Esq., Charles Alexander, Hon. William H. Dupree, Dr. L. M. Holmes, Rev. Henry J. Callis, Mrs. Olivia Ward Bush and Mrs. Joseph Lee, R. A. Woods, Prof. T. N. Carver, Rev. Charles N. Field, W. I. Cole, John Daniels, F. W. Leace, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Woods and Miss Mary W. Ovington.

The program consisted of a number of short reports on special topics, and afterwards a general discussion. Mr. Cole, secretary of the South End House association and head of the Men's Residence, where the conference was held, announced, in calling the meeting to order, that it seemed advisable to certain people interested in the situation of the Negro in Boston to call together a number of those well acquainted with the subject for the purpose of finding out the true sit-

uation and to determine whether it called for special effort, and if so, how this effort should be directed.

Dr. L. M. Holmes was the first speaker. His subject was "Negro Immigration into Boston from the South." Dr. Holmes has charge of the Young Men's Educational Aid association, and is well informed on this particular subject. He said that the majority of the Colored immigrants come from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

John Daniels, who, as holder of the Harvard Fellowship of the South End House, is making a special study of the Negro population of Boston, spoke on "The Economic Situation of the Boston Negroes." "There are in Boston today," he said, "probably 10,000 Negroes. The percentage of employment among them is larger than that for the white population as a whole, or for any element of it. This statement, however, is not to be regarded altogether optimistically. But turning to the kinds of work the Negroes are engaged in, we find the majority of them engaged in the meaner sorts of labor, unskilled labor for the most part, and commanding only the pay of unskilled labor. We find very few of them in the handicrafts and the trades. The problem, then, is not so much to get more work as to get better work."

Charles Alexander spoke on "The Negro in the Professions in Boston." He confined himself to the professions of law and medicine. "Boston has ten Negro physicians, and about 15 Negro lawyers," he said, "a larger number in proportion to the size of the Negro population than in any other northern city. The color line is not so strictly drawn in the professions. Negroes here get white patronage." He then went on to name the most prominent Negro lawyers and physicians of the city. He made special mention of Dr. Geo. F. Grant, who in dentistry has won international fame, and Dr. Thomas W. Patrick, head of a most successful school of pharmacy, all the students of which are white. Mr. Alexander expressed himself as optimistic regarding the future success of the Negro professional man in Boston.

Mrs. O. W. Bush, well known as a lecturer and club woman, spoke on

"The Negro Woman in Boston." She mentioned the considerable interest our women are taking in mothers' meetings, temperance work and literary association. "The most important question," she said, "is whether the women feel their responsibilities as wives and mothers." She thought their responsibility is felt in proportion as the women share in the economic stress of supporting the family. "Oftentimes, however, too much of this economic stress falls upon the women. They have to work too much, and the home is neglected."

Rev. Henry J. Callis spoke on "The Negro Church and Moral Conditions." He said: "The condition of the Negro church in Boston has been far from satisfactory. At present not a single Negro church building is owned by its congregation. The church, moreover, is not supported by the most prosperous and intelligent Negroes, but by the less intelligent, who, from false pride, hold the church to too high an intellectual standard, one which cannot healthfully be lived up to. The great evil is, though, that the leadership of the Negro churches has not been carefully enough guarded. The leaders have not been the men they should be." He then referred to the great growth in attendance and in financial support which has in the past year taken place at his church, the Zion A. M. E., at the corner of Columbus avenue and Northampton street.

Mr. Butler R. Wilson spoke on "Social Betterment Work Among the Negroes." He said that the best sort of social betterment comes about from the unorganized mingling of Negroes and whites to understand each other. This mingling results in much individual social betterment.

Prof. T. N. Carver expressed himself on the general question of recognition of race. He thought the Negro should not try to unrace himself in name or in fact, but should endeavor to make his race one to be proud of. He should not "kick against the pricks" and waste his efforts, but should recognize facts as they are and make the best of them.

Mrs. Mary W. Ovington, who is working among the Negroes in New York, spoke briefly of conditions there. She referred to the question of race

recognition, segregation or commingling, as one of the most present importance.

Mr. Robert W. Woods, head of the South End House, closed the conference by briefly summarizing the discussion. The two questions which stood out were, he said, that of the economic situation of the Boston Negro and that of the attitude of the races toward each other. Economically, the object to be attained is the extension of the field of labor, the conquest of higher grades of employment. As regards the racial question it is a most vexed one, the outcome of which cannot be predicted.

The South End House is this year undertaking to study the situation of the Negroes in Boston and to apply some efforts toward their social betterment. The conference above described was, it is hoped, only the first of a series of similar conferences designed to effect a better understanding and a more efficacious treatment of the problem.

"WISE AND OTHERWISE."

Selected by George Henry Biddle.

A Colored man by the name of Berry was working for a farmer (who

was somewhat of a wag), addressing him one morning he said, "Go gather the straw, Berry, and tell the young boys to pick the goose, Berry, the older ones the elder, Berry, the girls the black, Berry, and don't look so blue, Berry."

Teacher—Define the word tunnel.

Boy—To hollow out. Teacher—Give me a sentence in which the word is used. Boy—When my teacher whips me, I commence to tunnel.

Where did you get that hair on your coat? From the head of the bed.

Levy, I thought your wife was sick? "Today I saw her at the window sewing." "Yes, she is on the mend."

Who killed the Dead sea? What is home without a mother? An incubator.

Of Interest to Women

CONDUCTED BY

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

Cleveland, Ohio

Heavy Loads.

There are those famous weight-carriers, known to all travellers, the Swiss mountain women, who walk up the steepest slopes with pack baskets of manure on their backs, and the porters of Constantinople, one of whom will hike a small piano on the curious saddle he wears. Now Mr. Perceval Landon, London Times correspondent in Thibet, speaks of hill-country carrying that is most extraordinary.

On the Indian plains porters carry eighty to one hundred pounds, but hill men when working by the job take three times as much up frightfully bad paths. "I have myself seen a man carry into camp three telegraph poles on his back," writes Mr. Landon, "each weighing a trifle under ninety pounds. Further East the tea porters of Szechuan are notorious, and loads of 350 pounds are not unknown. Setting aside the story of a Bhutia lady who carried a piano on her head up from the plains to Darjeeling as too well known to be likely to be exact, the record seems to be held by a certain Chinese coolie, who undertook in his own time to transport a certain casting, needed for heavy machinery, inland to its owner. The casting weighed 570 pounds, and the carriage was slowly but successfully accomplished.

"An English bricklayer," adds Mr. Landon, "is forbidden by the rules of his union to carry more than fourteen pounds." And in New York the carrying of a few schoolbooks by children without knapsacks is said to make them lopsided.

Latest Styles in Side Combs.

Combs are vying for popularity with the many handsome flower and feather decorations and the feminine heart should be content with the splendid assortment which is now for sale. All fashionable combs are flat and only the real shell is worn by smart women. Side combs of amber and tortoise shell

are the best selection. Shun those dreadful white rubber affairs that look extremely unbecoming and clumsy in a woman's hair. As nearly as possible the ornaments should match the color of the hair, and for day and general wear they should be plain. The more elaborate effects are for evening, and nothing makes a woman look so dowdy as to see her wearing enameled or stone-mounted back combs shopping or to business.

For the woman who possesses heavy hair the big pins are a luxury and keep her coils in place, while they lend a decorative feature to the coiffure. But the woman with thin locks cannot wear these. Not only does the tiny barette at the nape of the neck add an attractive touch to the coiffure, but it is invaluable for keeping the short hair in place. All sizes are used, but the best taste will select those which are rather small.

For Black Footgear.

By treating all "dry stocks known as chrome tanned black leathers" as follows they will give satisfaction. These leathers include such skins as the new gun-metal calf, box calf and chrome wax calf, and are best treated by giving them an occasional application of olive oil.

In case one cannot get this vaseline will do.

For blackening, the usual patent paste serves, after which comes the polishing.

The same holds good for patent leather, while a liquid dressing should be substituted for the paste for glazed kid shoes.

This same expert cautions one against too frequent applications of paste or liquid dressing for any and all shoes. These are hard on the shoes, which often require no more than a rub with a strip of flannel.

An old-fashioned wax calf requires the old-fashioned paste and a good brushing.

As for patent leather shoes, they are more reliable than ever in the history of leather tanning. The mere fact that surface cracks appear at first need not cause alarm, since these are hardly noticed after a little wear, and a few applications of the paste dressing prepared for this handsome leather.

Fashion Hints.

Colored umbrellas are carried with tailor-made dresses.

In colors we shall have spots and ombre of shaded effects.

Colored spangles are all the rage for evening dresses.

Maize and all shades of purple and a tender gray-green will be popular.

Tartans will be introduced as trimmings in the form of piping or straps.

Ostrich feather scarfs will take the place of last year's pelerine stole, and for theatres and later on for garden parties the new chiffon muff will be much in evidence.

Dresden roses in a variety of strange shades, pale mauve, pastel blue, bright green, and cowslips, pink, blue and green, are among some of the curious flower novelties.

Leather applied sunshades of strong silk in its natural color are intended for motoring, and the summer sunshade will consist of billowed chiffon encrusted with lace.

Flowers are mixed together regardless of color. Crimson and lemon roses, with blue forget-me-nots and bunches of heliotrope are a favorite flower combination.

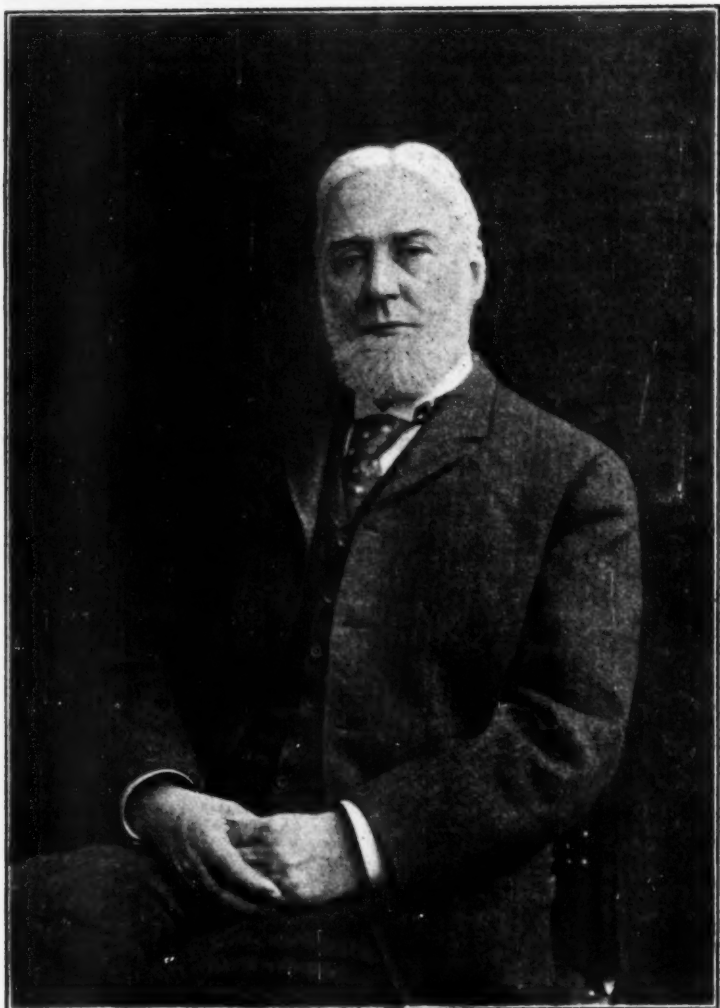
Evening bodices for young girls are out almost in V hearts, square or rounded styles. Elbow sleeves are most generally worn, and these dresses are really becoming and modest looking. Young matrons wear a wider decolletage but it is softened by prettles of velvet or tulle.

There is a feeling in dress which tends toward simplicity. We are weary of the overtrimmed styles, and are happily returning to the long, noble lines and flowing draperies which artists love.

To Keep Cake Fresh.

I have found that fresh bread in slices about one inch thick (renewed when it gets dry), of bulk about half the cake to be kept "fresh," put in the tin with the cake causes the cake to remain "fresh."





DR. ROBERT C. OGDEN.